

KING OF THE TURF

Fred Tatal, His Romantic Career and Beautiful Home.

A Jockey with No End Hobbies—He Is a Home Man—Tatal's Immense Income and How He Handles It.

"Hail, Fred Tatal, king of the turf!" Twenty thousand voices echoed and re-echoed the loud acclaim of victory. It was Suburban day, and Fred Tatal, the greatest of American jockeys, had just won the crowning triumph of his remarkable career. He had accomplished what no other rider had ever done—captured in rapid succession the three classic events of the year, the Brooklyn Handicap, Metropolitan and Suburban races.

Tatal was by long odds the coolest and most self-possessed man at Sheephead Bay on that eventful day. True, his broad pale face was a bit flushed with gratified pride, and his honest blue eyes sparkled with unconcealed joy, but he was an iceberg as far as outward and visible signs went, and a Chesterfield in bearing, compared to the wild, frenzied mob which cheered his victory, and which bore him aloft in triumph to the paddock.

And how did this prince of jockeys, this equine monarch celebrate the day which marked an epoch in the history of his life as well as in the history of the American turf? In flowing bumpers of wine at the track, and in a Saturnalia on his triumphant return to the city?

Far from it. Fred Tatal is a home man. Venus, no more than Bacchus has any charms for him. His home is his kingdom, his pretty little wife his queen, and his four-year-old baby its tiny prince royal. As soon as he could break away from his admirers, Jockey Tatal made for his home and to his comely helpmeet retold the story of the race. At nine o'clock he was in bed. At daybreak he was off for Chicago to take part in the Derby.

But it is of the home life of America's premier jockey, and not of his triumphs on the turf, that I propose to speak. The public side of his life is known to all men who have a drop of sporting blood in their veins. His favorite side is known to few.

Fred Tatal, owns and lives in one of the cozier houses in the upper portion of New York. It is situated on the northwest corner of Lenox avenue and One Hundred and Thirtieth street. As will be seen by the accompanying cut, it is a Queen Anne structure, three stories in height, and of double width where it faces on the avenue. Tatal purchased it three years ago for thirty thousand dollars, and he spent five thousand more in fitting it up. To-day it could not be purchased for forty thousand dollars. Besides all modern improvements, it contains a Turkish bath which is inferior to none in any private residence in New York. The appointments of the house are perfect. The reception-room, parlors, dining-room, billiard-room, smoking-room and sleeping apartments are exquisitely furnished and tastefully decorated. Fine paintings and pretty etchings adorn the walls of the principal apartments. They cover a variety of subjects, from a winter scene in Russia to a landscape view of the highlands of the Hudson. It is only in the smoking-room, Tatal's favorite resting-place, when at home, that pictures of famous thoroughbreds may be seen. Here the walls fairly teem with mimic representations of the great horses he has ridden to victory. Throughout the entire mansion—for such it is, although called a Queen Anne cottage—are everywhere manifest indications of re-



FRED TATAL.

finement and good breeding. Every thing is rich, but not loud.

Many people will wonder, no doubt, how a little fellow like Tatal can afford all these luxuries—luxuries which many United States senators, United States supreme court judges, governors of states and other great men throughout this broad domain are denied. For their edification I will state that Tatal's yearly earnings are far greater than the salaries of any governor, senator, congressman, cabinet officer, supreme court judge or any officer in the employ of the government, save the president of the United States, and even his salary this little fellow sometimes equals. For the past three years his earnings have averaged thirty-five to forty thousand dollars, and this year it is thought they will reach fifty thousand dollars.

Tatal spends every minute that he possibly can at his home. His pretty little wife and he are as much lovers as when they were wedded six years ago at their early home in Washington, Ill. Indeed they were sweethearts from childhood, and when Fred first ran away from home, a lad of scarce fourteen years, he carried her picture next his heart. He never forgot her sweet face from the time he rode half-wild mustangs in the bush in Kansas to that when he made name and fame at the great Chicago track. Neither did she forget him. Although the prettiest girl in the village she gave little encouragement to the attentions of other admirers, but sagaciously watched Fred's onward course to the goal of success. When he had attained it he came back to his native village and married his first love.

This well-matched couple have but one child, Johnnie Tatal, a sprightly, mischievous, black-eyed little mite, who is the idol of his parents. No princeling was ever better guarded or cared for. Johnnie has a male guardian as well as a female nurse, and the "baby" is never out of their sight. The boy has seen his father ride in many of his great races in the east and with

childish earnestness avers that he, too, will become a great jockey "like papa" when he "gets big enough." Fred, however, is not so anxious that his boy shall follow his calling. He knows its dangers and hardships as well as its emoluments, and would just as lief that Johnnie would follow another path, but as he candidly puts it, "When he is big enough and old enough to know why, then he can follow the bent of his inclinations. I know I did."



THE TATAL RESIDENCE.

Fred's father, who was a sturdy, well-to-do country farmer and merchant in Illinois, vigorously opposed his becoming a jockey at first, but subsequently relented. There was no prouder or happier man in Illinois when Fred won his first Brooklyn handicap on old Diablo a year ago.

Fred, Tatal, although but twenty-eight years of age, is the richest of American jockeys. Yet there is not a mean hair in his head. He is almost prodigal in his expenditures, and treats his friends with princely hospitality. The few hours he has on week days to himself—from the time he returns from the races to ten o'clock at night—are devoted to his wife and baby. On Sunday, however, he is generally at leisure, and friends call on him by the score. Here he is seen at his best. At the table, wit, jokes and repartee are cracked as well as bottles, and good fellowship is the order of the day. There is an ample sideboard in Tatal's dining-room, and his guests partake generously of its contents as well as substantial viands. But Tatal never joins them in bibulations. He dare not do it for fear of "making weight"—that bete noir of all successful jockeys. In fact, he scarcely ever touches liquor. It is only when a bit weakened from "reduction" at the bath or elsewhere that he ever does.

Many rich truckmen, racehorse owners and merchants call on Tatal at his house and partake of his hospitality, and are always heartily welcomed. It is only, however, when seated at the table with a few intimate friends that he enjoys a dinner the most. Some of these are Johnnie Eckardt, the famous referee of flat events, Ed. Stone, Tatal's life-long friend and adviser, with whom he ran away from home, Teddy Foley, of Gravesend, and Johnnie Campbell and Johnnie Meehan, the horsemen. With these he can sit down by the hour and "swap stories."

When not at his own home on Sundays, Tatal repairs to the big road house he recently purchased on the Harlem River road, the "Swan's Nest." There he meets sportsmen and gentlemen of sporting proclivities, and makes free and easy with them all. The air of reserve which he usually maintains at the race track disappears. There are no "touts" there to badger him for "tips," and the feeling of restraint is gone. He is as jolly as the jolliest, and will give and take a joke with anyone. The tastes of the "little fellow," as he is popularly called, are eminently athletic. Next to a horse race he delights in a fist fight. He will journey from Canada to Florida to witness a great boxing match, and few there are that have taken place within the past few years that he has not seen. He is a staunch friend of John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe. He is also on terms of intimacy with almost all the celebrities of the squared circle. Football, baseball, field sports, billiards and aquatics also command his interest and support. When not engaged at the track he never fails to witness a great athletic event of any kind. For music and drama he does not care a jot, and were it not for his pretty little wife, who dotes on both, would never visit the theater. He does not think they partake of the realities of life, and consequently are not productive of enduring good. A really strong, instructive play, however, is sure to attract him.

The secret of Fred Tatal's financial success and popularity is an open one. He is wealthy because he never gambles, and further because he has no vices. Unlike other great jockeys, he is a saint. Beauty no more than liquor has any power over him. He is loyal to home and home. He is popular because he is the very incarnation of honesty, and sportsmen the world over know it. He would not "pull" a horse or "throw" a race if given the national treasury. He has been tempted, but had the courage to withstand it. Besides these sterling qualities, he has never, despite his pronounced successes upon the turf, ever become afflicted with that disagreeable and offensive disease known as the "swelled head." He is the same honest, manly, good-natured, good-hearted little chap that he was before he ever won a suburban or a handicap. Better than all, he is a dutiful son, faithful husband, loving father and loyal friend. WILLIAM STANDISH HAYES.

The Way Most of Us Do.
"In your business correspondence which do you use—a typewriter or a pen?"
"Both. My young lady typewrites the letters and I use the pen to scratch out her mistakes."—Truth.
Collyery Item.
He—You say you got this pudding up according to your cook book?
She—Yes, my dear.
"Well, I reckon there must be some typographical errors in that cook book."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.
Good as a Coat of Arms.
Little Ethel—Why is it women are always complaining about the hired girl?
Little Dot—Oh, that's just so folks will know they can afford to keep one.
—Good News.

The Family Brevets.
As mechanism is a small rank—
The fact I sadly feel.
For papa's got to be a crank
Since mamma's got a wheel.
—Detroit Free Press.

INDIANS AT SCHOOL

Graduates from Educational Institutions in the East.

Records Kept of the Careers of the Students—Some of Them Return to Their Former Wild and Wicked Ways.

With the new policy of excluding Indians from the United States army there is one less avenue of employment open to the Indians trained in the Indian schools of the east. These schools have long contributed to the number of scouts and soldiers employed by the far west, and a young Indian named Eaton, a graduate of Hampton institute, was the scout who successfully led the pursuit of the late Apache ringleader, Hampton. Hampton institute keeps a continuous record of the Indians who have lived at the school, and the story of the graduates is told in the report of the institute with a curious ingenuitism. Of 460 former pupils reported on, the record of 98 was set down as excellent, 219 good, of 91 fair, of 35 poor and of 17 bad.

The Indians, says the Chicago Times, after returning home, teach school, act as missionaries or catechists, practice various trades or professions or lose about the agencies, leading the idle life of their people. Of some the report is now "bony and useful," now "blanket Indian." Some return to superstition and barbarism, and several of those regarded as of good conduct are reported as famous dancers at the religious rites of their people. Many of the former pupils are recorded as dying early, or being delicate, and the untamed Indians commonly believe that the eastern schools are likely to be fatal to their people. The school authorities insist that the agency Indians are subject to many diseases, and cite the report of a school-teacher among the Sioux, who says that their habit of saving themselves on ration day and starving for the rest of the week is partly responsible for a vast deal of ill-health; that the bad sanitary conditions of cabin rather than wigwam life helps to account for many deaths, and that inherited disease and the reckless use of tobacco from infancy are also causes of a high mortality among agency Indians. It is perhaps significant that a considerable percentage of the Indians reported as excellent were included in those who died young.

Many of the Indian students are reported as having lands, cattle and comfortable wooden houses and some married Christian fashions to former students. Intemperance seems to be the besetting sin of the educated Indian, as of his savage brother, and the institute reports speak of this in individual cases with entire frankness. The story of a promising Apache boy shows a curious struggle between school training and the savage instinct. His record was bad and after several outbreaks and arrests he wrote cheerfully from prison to assure the managers of the institute that he would be out in three months and that he was once more a good boy. An inclosed photograph showed this wild animal with the same enjoying boyish face that had made him a favorite at the school.

Not only does the educated red man occasionally revert to his former condition as a "blanket Indian," but the institute records show other curious lapses into barbarism, with occasional recoveries. The report notes now and then that this or that former student has taken a wife Indian fashion, and sometimes the legal wife is deserted for a woman bought for so many ponies. One highly eulogized half-blood girl of the Gros Ventres was reported two years ago as having, some time after leaving the school, married a man who turned out a drunkard, cruel in his cups. The excellent wife brought up her children to speak English and live after the manner of the whites, but the report innocently adds: "In an effort to defend herself on one occasion she did it more effectively than she had intended, and has since (four years) been a widow."

DARWIN'S MISSING LINK.

A Dutch Doctor Thinks He Has Found the Creature in Java.

Dr. Dubois has made an interesting discovery in the island of Java. He claims to have unearthed the bones of Darwin's missing link, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Pithecanthropus erectus is the unassuming name with which the doctor has seen fit to baptize this tertiary ancestor of ours. Up to the present the skull, thigh-bone and one solitary tooth are all that have been laid bare, but, according to Dr. Dubois, these remains are sufficient to prove that the Pithecanthropus erectus was about the same height as an ordinary man; finally, that owing to the formation of the jaw, it (or, perhaps, "he" would be more correct) could articulate without difficulty. The doctor concludes, therefore, that he has finally solved a much-debated question, and added fresh luster to the reputation of the greatest naturalist the world has ever seen—himself excepted. After this the exploits of Prof. Garner in Africa sink into insignificance. We suggest that he proceed immediately to Java and there join his Dutch colleague, for, after disappointing us so cruelly over those gorillas, the least the professor can do, in our opinion, is to enlighten us on the Pithecanthropus erectus. Meanwhile, we suppose it would be unkind to hint that the Dutch scientist may possibly have stumbled upon the remains of what was at one time a fine specimen of a male orang.

Royal Heals.

The prince of Wales is said to have a remarkably fine-shaped head, the silk hat he wears being the size known as 7 1/4. The late car was a 6 1/2 and the present Car Nicolas an even 7. The emperor of Germany has a head composed of an aggregation of bumps, and covers it with a hat of the 6 1/2 size. The prince of Wales wears a larger hat than either of his sons.

SOME ECONOMY HINTS.

Domestic Practical Suggestions to Be Carried Out in Every-Day Life.
Save your time by learning to do the right thing at the right time, and in the best, easiest and shortest way possible. Save your strength in the same way and also by using labor-saving machines. Take at least a few minutes' rest when you are too tired to do your work well; for not to do work right is a waste of time and strength. Make it a pleasure for the children to

"help mother" instead of a duty which they think is more than should be expected of them.

Save your patience. You may need it some time when greater than the present trials surround you, and if you keep losing it in part every day you can never get it together again. If you save your time and strength much of your patience will be stored up for future use—will power must do the rest.

Save your breath; don't scold. You may die for want of breath sooner if you scold than you might otherwise.

Save the love of your little ones and the sunshine they bring into your home. Some day your life will be dark when this sunshine has entered the home above. Some day their love may go out to some one beside you.

Save food by cooking just enough and no more. By avoiding rich pastry, cakes, etc., and choosing only that which is wholesome. Utilize cold victuals by making appetizing dishes whose origin is disguised.

Save clothing, not by merely buying the lowest in price, but the most durable and best looking that your purse will allow. Higher priced goods sometimes in fact, generally, prove to be the cheapest in the end, as they will look well if made over several times.

Save furniture by buying that which will stand long and hard usage, and depend on your artistic talents to brighten and ornament it. Let your first thought in buying furniture be: First, comfort; second, use; third, durability, and last, style.

Save money. One who saves time, strength, patience, love, food, clothing, and furniture generally has the knack of saving money, but as there are as many ways of saving money as there are ways of making money it is useless to attempt to tell them here. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Good Housekeeping.

THE EIDER DUCK.

Habit of the Bird Whose Feathers Are Worth Twelve Dollars Per Pound.

It is not far from the sea gives my lady, as she is indebted to this element for the eider duck, that lives mostly on the water and frequents the small islands on various parts of the coast of Iceland, where, safe from the attacks of land animals, they breed, and it may be easily imagined, their rookeries are guarded by the natives with a most jealous care. Whoever in Iceland kills an eider duck must pay a fine of thirty dollars, and the secreting of an egg or the pocketing of bunches of down is punished with all the rigors of law there. During the breeding season all boats approaching these islands are watched by the authorities. No one is allowed to land without special permission, and guns are not permitted in that vicinity. All noise, such as shouting or loud calling, is strictly prohibited.

The eider down is easily collected, as the birds are quite tame. The female having laid five or six greenish olive eggs in the nest, thickly lined with her beautiful down, the collectors, after carefully removing the bird, rob the nest of its contents, after which they replace her. She then begins to lay again, although only three or four eggs, and again has recourse to the down on her body to line the nest with. When her own stock is exhausted she calls upon her mate with plaintive voice, who comes to her assistance, and willingly plucks the soft feathers from his breast to supply the deficiency. When the collectors become too voracious they rob the nest a third time, and the eider duck abandons the spot, never to return, and seeks a new home, where she may indulge in her maternal instincts undisturbed.

The drakes are perfectly white, and they watch their brown wives with loud cooing. They remain on the water nearly all the time the females are on the nest, and when the little ones are hatched they are the most attentive to both mother and chicks.

It requires about one and a half pounds of this down to make a coverlet for a single bed, and the best down is worth ten to twelve dollars a pound. The fact that most of the eggs are taken and picked for winter consumption by the islanders, only a few being left to hatch, is known, and retards the propagation of these valuable birds.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Apples for Luncheon.

An elegant way to use apples for a dinner dessert or a luncheon is to remove the cores, steam them until tender, and then fill the hollow left by taking out the core with candied fruit. Select apples that are large and tart and have red skins. Peel the filling in eight apples. Mrs. Roger uses four ounces of candied cherries and two of candied pineapples. Chop the fruits and simmer them in a half-cupful of sugar and a cupful of water. Arrange the apples when cooked on an ice-cream dish or a chop plate; fill the center heaping full of the fruit, draining it free from the syrup. Roll the sirup until thick as honey, flavor with vanilla or good sherry, and taste the apples with it. Serve cold with whipped cream heaped around the apples just before serving.—X. Y. Post.

A Charmer.
Bobby—You ought to see my big sister. Everybody says she's a beauty.
Johnny—I bet she can't hold a candle to my sister for looks. Why, my sister sold twenty-two tickets for a charity concert.—Good News.



VERY CONSIDERATE.
Mrs. Youngfellow—Will you have this nice, fresh bread? I just baked it.
Wayside Willie—Couldn't think of it, lady. I'm afraid your kindness would kill us.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Night Name.
"Why do you call this story 'The Cat'?" I can't find anything relative to a cat in it.
"There is, though."
"What is it?"
"It always comes back."—Brooklyn Life.

THEY RAISE CAMELS

As Useful There as in the Deserts of Arabia.

A Splendid Race of Animals Being Raised in the Australian Colonies—The Beasts of Great Service in the Gold Fields.

Some interesting particulars concerning the part which the camel is playing in the development of the Australian colonies are given in a special issue of the British Australasian dealing with the gold-fields of western Australia. The great central depot for the animals imported from India is Port Augusta, two hundred and fifty-nine miles northwest of Adelaide. Here a camel quarantine station has been established, and the arrivals are kept in it and carefully watched for the first three months to guard against outbreaks of a certain deadly mangle which carried off most of the earliest animals. Once acclimatized, the camels are not liable to the complaint, and they thrive wonderfully upon the natural shrubs of Australia—salt bush, wattle, mulga, acacia and other varieties. The imported animals, however, are not nearly so valuable as the Australian-bred camels. The pastoralists breed their camels as he does his sheep, on scientific principles, so that already, within twenty-five years, there has been produced in Australia a race of camels larger in frame, sounder in wind and limb and possessed of greater weight-carrying capacity than the Indian animals originally imported. By means of camel caravans—there are now close upon ten thousand camels at work in Australia—the pastoralists have been enabled to take up and stock new country which was formerly incapable of being utilized because a broad belt of land that is either waterless or liable to long periods of drought intervened between the good country and settled regions, whence all supplies have to be drawn and where all products must be marketed. It is only within the last few years that mining men have awakened to the utility of camels in their industry, and large numbers of the animals have recently been drafted to western Australia.

On the older gold fields of that colony the camel caravan has already knocked out the bullock team by reason both of economy and efficiency. But, more important still, the camel is enabling new gold fields to be reached and worked which were previously, if not absolutely inaccessible, incapable of being permanently occupied and utilized. Mining machinery is being made in sections, convenient for slinging across the back of the pack animal. Camel wagon transport, unknown both in Asia and in Africa, has also been developed in Australia, the animals being yoked in teams of eight, just like bullocks. Well-sinking machinery is likewise being sent out into the waterless country on camelback, and after the magnificent results achieved by artesian boring in the arid region of Queensland, where some of the bores yield two million gallons a day and have caused rivers to run where water was never before seen except in the form of an all too scanty rainfall. There is no saying but that by this means the West Australian gold fields, now worked with difficulty owing to the scarcity of water, may be converted into regular oases. During the Lind-say expedition, it is added, the camels had spelt of twenty-three and twenty-one days without a drink of water.

A SPECULATOR'S LUCK.

He Drew on the Sultan of Turkey and the Draft Horse.

A good story is told of a certain St. Louis speculator who had need of a large sum of money for his operations, and found himself with a very small balance in the bank. He consulted the cashier, a friend of his, as to how he could get over the emergency. The cashier suggested that he should draw on somebody not too near the city. The operator said that he knew no one that owed him, and the cashier intimated that that would make no difference. If the draft did not return too soon.

The operator, says the New Orleans Picayune, redrafted for a time, and then wrote out a draft on the sultan of Turkey for ten thousand dollars and deposited it in the bank. The draft went to New York and thence to London, where it came into the hands of the Rothschilds, who forwarded it to Constantinople, and it was duly presented to the sultan's chamberlain, who, not knowing anything about it, referred it to the sultan.

"Who is this man?" asked the sultan.
"Don't know him," replied the chamberlain.
"Do we owe him anything?" asked his highness.
"No," replied the other.
"Then do not pay it," decided the potentate.

"But if I might advise," said the crafty counselor, "this draft comes through the Rothschilds, with whom we are negotiating a two-million loan. Would it be safe, under the circumstances, to dishonor it?"
"Pay it," said the sultan, and so the St. Louis speculator was ten thousand dollars richer than he knew, while his own great achievement.

Salt in History.
The necessity for salt among aboriginal races must have been paramount, for nature craves it. Salts of soda are to be found in all animals and vegetable substances man uses, but it does not seem to be so assimilated as sodium chloride. Primitive Americans were certainly fortunate, because sources of salt far away from the seaboard were fairly numerous. The work of procuring salt must have fallen in a large measure on women. There was a Mexican goddess who was honored as the salt giver. Bancroft, in his Aztec studies, tells how an Aztec king kept the Tlascalas without salt for years, until they acknowledged his sovereignty.

INDOOR USE OF IVIES.
Slightly Plants That Require But Little Attention.
The sunny winter window full of flowers, for which already so many lovers of greenery and blossoms have perfected their plans, is not simple as it may seem, within the reach of all. Some who would like it have not the space; others have not the time; others have not the will. But people who can not have a winter garden within doors can usually

have, if they will, a bower, a garland, a spray, a wreath, a fresh gleam of green somewhere in the house. There are a few faithful plants so readily tended, so easily placed, that they seldom fail their friends. Of these the best and handsomest is the English ivy.

It will grow in almost any vessel, from a ginger-jar to a Sevres jardiniere, or a discarded sugar-bucket painted green. It needs no direct sun if it can have light. It bears heat and cold steadily. It asks only good soil to begin with, regular watering to follow, sprinkling when convenient, and washing with a bit of rag if slugs threaten its beauty. And the pretty rooms to which it will lend the final touch of loveliness, the bare spots it will cover, the ugliness it will veil, the stiffness it will redress, are something wonderful.

If there is a dingy or a too staring picture-frame to be softened, instead of hanging a gauze scarf or a piece of embroidered silk over it to detract from the effect of the picture, place a bracket beneath it with a pot of ivy, and train a natural frame of green, the most perfect possible, so as to conceal the artificial one.

If there is an alcove for which you can not afford the draperies you wish—why, an ivy or two running up plain cords, or better, a bit of old fish-net through which it can twine gracefully in and out, will provide at once an indisputably artistic and attractive substitute.

It makes the prettiest of all decorations for a young girl's dressing glass, especially if the glossy leaves are relieved against white muslin drapery.

It may be allowed to hide stained walls or a patched place in the paper; or it may twine along a curtain pole that can not be discarded without deprecation, after the portieres have been banished.

An unusual and singularly successful use was made of it in one artistic home by crossing the ceiling of a small alcove-room diagonally with white cords, and then placing a colored jar of ivy on a high bracket in each corner. The vines met, crossed, looped and tangled themselves together until the place was a bower.

Out-of-doors in the stern New England climate the English ivy is not hardy, and the beautiful Japanese ivy has fully and fitly taken its place. Within doors, the English ivy is still the king of vines—YOUTH'S Companion.

ARCTIC DARKNESS.

Monotony of the Lives of the Explorers During the Long Nights.

A wild-goose chase after the North Pole surely seems, on the very face, to be a fool's errand. Perhaps it is, for I doubt if any very startling fact will be added to science even if the North Pole is indeed reached. Of course, there is, or would be, a huge amount of satisfaction and glory to have been the discoverer of the pole, but whether science will be enriched thereby, or simply "got there all the same," is an open question.

The life led by explorers in these dreary regions, especially during the long winter's night, is so intensely monotonous as to scarcely warrant description, and yet no better idea of the hardships, sufferings and misery endured for the sake of science can be gained than by a glimpse of the daily life of the Arctic traveler.

If I chance to be one of the members of a recent expedition, and was in charge of the winter quarters at the northernmost portion of Nova Zembla, or Novaya Zemla, as the islands are called by the natives.

Imagine a night that settles down like a pall and an interminable darkness that is only relieved by dull, gray twilight for a few hours out of the twenty-four; then, added to this, a thermometer so far down below zero that the mercury often freezes, miserable quarters, poor food, and the monotonous existence, and you will scarcely wonder why so many intrepid investigators have given up the unequal battle and laid down to perish in the darkness of hopeless despair. You will also scarcely wonder that the most ardent enthusiasm is likely to be considerably cooled, morally as well as physically, under the circumstances.

What matters it if the whole world is watching the outcome of your investigations with the keenest interest, when you are so far removed from earthly comforts and earthly aid?

And yet, in spite of all the bitter knowledge gained by the hardest kind of experience, the same explorers will attempt expedition after expedition. I may wonder why they do this, but I can not but admit that even the delightful prospect of discovering dozens of North Poles would not tempt me to again undergo the hardships of that long Arctic night, even the memory of which I would gladly dispel as a fearful dream.—Capt. Howard Layton, in Home and Country.

Reverend.
"Sir," said a Heidelberg student to a night watchman, in the wee sma' hours of the morning, "sir, I would like to ask you a question."

"Go ahead, young man," answered the dignitary, "that is what I am here for."

"Well, sir, does the law permit me to call a policeman an ass?"
"You had better be gone immediately, or I will lock you up."

The votary of Alma Mater advanced a few steps on his way home, but returned and asked humbly:
"But, sir, is it permitted to call an ass a policeman?"
"The law doesn't say anything about that, young man."

"It doesn't, eh? Well, good morning, Mr. Policeman."—Amusing Journal.

A Friend Among Flatterers.
Jollyer—Yes, Miss Lightfoot, you are a wonderful dancer!
Miss Lightfoot—Do you think so?
Jollyer—More wonderful than the camel who danced before Herod and demanded the head of John the Baptist.
Miss Lightfoot—How so, pray?
Jollyer—When she danced, our man was decapitated, but when you dance 12 men lose their heads.—Truth.

Of the Same Mind.
Little Brother (in awful whisper)—Say, pop, I just peeped into the parlor, and sister Mary was sitting on the music stool before the piano, and her young man was kneeling down in front of her, holding her hands.
Father—By jingo! I always did say that was a sensible young man, mother. I guess he don't like to hear her play the piano any more than I do.—Pack.

BIG CITIES EDUCATE

One Must Think Quickly, and Keep His Wits.

Fierce Competition Urges Men and Women to Their Utmost.

Nerves and Brain First Give Way Under the Terrible Strain.

Men rise in the big cities like trees, beginning at the top.
It is appoplexy, heart failure, nervous prostration, shock, congestion of the brain and suicide that characterize the mortality list in the great centers of population.

A city teaches one to think quickly, to be always on the alert and to avoid danger, as well as to see the lucky chances. It is impossible to go slow, even if one has no pressing need for hurry. The rush is contagious. One finds himself drawn along with the rapidly moving crowds and is soon hurrying along with the rest. It is undoubtedly true that two-thirds of all the men and women one sees tearing through the streets are in no such actual haste. They are merely victims of this fearful habit of hurry.

But whether the fearful rush is essential or not, the result is the same. Nerves and brains are exhausted, men and women grow neurotic, and times of depression follow the high strung condition. The entire nervous system must be rapidly and fully nourished to prevent after collapse. It is estimated by physicians that Paine's celery compound annually saves thousands upon thousands of men and women living in cities from breaking down under their work. It builds up the substance of the nerves and brain faster than it is torn down by even such prodigious waste. It cures permanent weakness of the stomach, liver and kidneys, and takes away the tendency of these vital organs to disease.

COUNTERFEIT COMPLIMENTS.

The Hollowness of Mutual Admiration Society Flattery.

There is a great deal for us to hear and to learn about ourselves that is disagreeable so long as we are human, and consequently imperfect beings. The choice is between knowing our defects—a fault understood is half cured—or hugging ourselves in the conviction that we are as tasteful, as well bred, as intelligent and high-minded as we should or can be, and making ourselves ridiculous often in this belief.

Nothing is so supremely absurd as a little mutual admiration society of such a kind, or so treacherous, let me add. The selfishness of human nature is there under the pleasant flatteries and soothing manners, and no persons have their sensibilities and self-love so easily scratched as your hyper-amiable folks who can scarcely bear to hear you speak against the east wind, because it blows where they came from. The ingrained truth-tellers, who speak truth from instinct and obligation, are the kindest, most self-sacrificing and most faithful of friends. They say disagreeable things when the saying is necessary, and it costs them much more to speak them than to lend their last hundred dollars. Unduly disagreeable things are often no more the truth than the fictions which we call politeness. The end of truth is neither to please nor to displease, but to say the thing which is, and to avoid saying the thing which is not. When we are asked for bread we are to hold out in return the empty hand, or give the stone wrapped in paper and nicely tied? We would not pass counterfeit coin for worlds, how is it then that we are not ashamed of passing counterfeit opinions and compliments daily? Harsh language, do you say? We are growing so finical that we scarce dare speak of the meridian crossing the equator for fear of hurting the feelings of either the equator or the meridian. The definition of a lie is "an untruth told with intent to deceive," and false opinions answer this description as thoroughly as anything else.

Truth-telling people are not so pleasant to spend a quarter of an hour with as flatterers, but they wear better to the end of the twenty-four. I know a woman who has the art of accidentally saying in conversation the nicest things, things that make you want to put your arm about her, or kiss her hand in thanks. You hear her say openly one day that she is fond enough of hearing pretty things not to care whether they are genuine or not, and your folly is not so supere as that you can take much comfort in her favor after the manner of the water-bearer, yet I can not but admit that even the delightful prospect of discovering dozens of North Poles would not tempt me to again undergo the hardships of that long Arctic night, even the memory of which I would gladly dispel as a fearful dream.—Capt. Howard Layton, in Home and Country.